she repeats.

But there is not a response from the crowd. Across the aisle there is a persistent ally of the Indian woman. She holds out the cigarettes invitingly, but nobody buys.

"Anybody would think Carrie Nation was here," she says indignantly, "from the way you make a ferial of hustin," a

the way you men are afraid of buyin' a pack of cigarettes."

The Indian woman, who really looks

genuine, gives the departing group that has not produced one box of cigarettes a look of disgust; then turns eagerly toward

the newcomers. Her prehensile toes close

**

IT'S A SHOW RUN BY WOMEN AND WELL RUN, TOO.

are lower floors of the Woman's Exhibition in Madison Square Garden is in the names. The show downstairs is called "The Streets. of Venice." The six-foot lady cop with the baritone voice calls it the streets of passes on. "Venus." as she assures visitors that they miss the whole show if they don't see it. Certain conditions incline the crowd to to move believe that it may be the goddess and not the city that the downstairs halls are dedicated to. But it is the city and not the beauty that is meant.

There is another difference than the name. Upstairs the young woman who has perfumes or flowers to sell halts hesitatingly in front of the men visitors to the show. "Won't you please buy a sachet?" she

says modestly If he doesn't show a tendency to buy right away she is content to pass on. That right away she is content to pass on. That is the method of sale on the main floor. That read. "Do men like dolls?" a woman asked

Down in the "Streets of Venice" it happens

She plants herself plump in his path.

If he tries to ignore this invitation and

Then she holds a sachet under his nose.

"Say, dearie, buy that, won't you?"

dodges her to keep on his way around the

garden she is quite equal to walking back-

ward. still holding the sachet under his

"Oh, come on," she says. "It's only 15

comes suddenly on a young woman in

in another way.

One of the differences between the upper the main floor of the Garden. One of these is placed looking, with her hair rolling back neatly in water waves and a pair of spectacles on her nose. About her shoulders is a little, old-fashioned shawl and she sits quietly rocking while the crowd

Over the top of the little booth she occu pies there hangs a sign announcing that she is a palmist. But the crowd continues to move on although palmistry has some interest for it. Nobody would doubt that who once saw the success of the rival estab-

the Streets of Venice.

That is a cozy booth divided into two rooms and looks like a scene for the second act of a French farce at the Madison Square Theatre, just as the most interesting things were about to happen. Each little room is bathed in the dim light of a colored lamp and a few plants, and sofa cushions im-And the men are standing about that bootl three deep waiting to have their palm

AN EXHIBIT FROM AFRICA NEAR THE EN

TRANCE.

hough she has never been known to b

day she wouldn't be able to come down. Has a rehearsal, I believe, or something.

But she'll certainly be here to-morrow if you come in at this time." But in spite of the variety of causes that

always keep her out of the booth just at the time she is asked for. Miss Russell has yet to make her first appearance there. The hopeful leaguers continue to expect her every day, and meantime she remains

the singular position of a person who

we want to win. Come on.



Chinese baby coos and gurgles and pulls at its mother's blue kimono. The crowd looks at the group, decides it is interesting

and throws its coins at the girl singing the coon songs. The potency of rag-time is apparently as great as ever, for no single

booth in the garden gathers the number that always stands listening to the singers. Since Wednesday, the Chinese woman

MEXICO ENJOYING HEB AFTER - DINNER

has sat close to the rail of her booth watching as much as she can see of the negro performance. Her face is solemn and her lips tightly drawn. Whether she is planning some complicated Oriental outlet for her jealousy or is merely trying to learn ragtime to start an opposition show during the second week none of the officials of the exhibition knows. But it is plain to them that she is plotting serious business of one kind or another.

kind or another.

Every booth has its interesting ethno-ogical feature. By some curious national complication the best-looking women in the Italian booth speaks English with a she is heard calling to the new arrivals.

"I seeng you a song—Indian song—that you no understand, and when I feenish you all buy me a pack cigarettes."

"I should hate to be unjust to that woman," said a man who heard her the other night, "but I almost suspect that she might be willing to do a coocheccoochee if she found herself on a Midway."

The English beauties play ping-pong, and that is the only discernable trace of their nationality. The spirit of music seems to have animated the artist who arranged the German booth, for the upright



DO MEN LIKE DOLLS?

strong Irish accent and no Italian at all And one of the Irish girls, a sturdy lot o singers and dancers who wheedle nearly much money out of the spectators as coon singers, has a nasal twang that is more Yankee than the pumpkin pies that are sold at the booth labelled "United

to be seen down in the Streets of Venice that would not be tolerated upstairs. One that would not be tolerated upstairs. One iest looking lady in the booth labelled ally supplied with complexion-announces

PHILIPPINE:

A MANULA SOLDIER CASTS HIS VOTE.

periodically that Madame has just finished a pumpkin pie which may be had in its entirety for 40 cents or in sections at 10

er slice.
"I seeng you song—Indian song—that you no understand," says a woolly-haired woman who stands in her stocking feet on the edge of a booth, holding herself by her



IN THE STREETS OF VENICE.

about the edge of the stage and once more she is heard calling to the new arrivals.

ranged the German booth, for the upright piano has a bust of Beethoven on one end

group of a girl who was actually able to

NEILLE TOWNSON JUST FROM PARIS

speak German. But neither she nor her associates played on the upright piano.

Maude Banks, who represents the serious end of the league's work, has decided that something must be done to counteract the frivolous effect of the Streets of Venice, and the result of her deliberations is a series of leatures appropried for next week. They of lectures announced for next week. They are to occupy fifteen minutes each, and will be concerned with subjects that are primarily interesting to the women of the tage.
"It was this way," said one of Miss Banks's

colleagues when she was explaining the object of the course of lectures. "Maude sits by the door where the programmes are old and she sees the faces of the people as they come in and as they go. hey look just as smiling when they come ut as when they went in



her at all. She wants everybody to be a ittle bit improved by whatever they do So she decided that some of the crowd might be benefited by hearing a little serious taik. That is to come next week when Martha Morton, Mrs. H. H. Ayer, Henrietta Crosman and Maude herself are going to

in the league and Henrietta Crosman will let young women know what they may expect if they go on the stage. On Saturday Maude Banks will report for the playreading committee on the winner of the competition. She has read 600 plays." Grace Lyons, the only woman cop with the arrest of a man on her conscience, is an object of more interest than any of the other members of the female constabulary. She has become so well known to visitors that it has been found necessary to back

lations which sound like an enraged squirrel.

"Now you all get me pack cigarettes," she repeats.

But there is not a response from the crowd. Across the aisle there is a persistent ally of the Indian woman. She holds out the cigarettes invitingly, but nobody buys.

"Anybody would think Carrie Nation was here." she says indignantly. "from aisle first. It is there that Miss Lyons stands and warns off the impetuous spec-tators who want to get down to the side aisles before they have passed down the

"Some of 'em act as if a woman had no right to tell a man where he should go," she explained to a SUN reporter, "and I have to stand right in front of them to stop 'em. But I always get square with that kind. I wait until they've turned around

kind. I wait until they've turned around and then I poke 'em in the back.

"You ought to see how some of 'em act. You wouldn't suppose that I had a right to hit 'em there. If they turn around right away and go quietly back through the middle aisle when I tell 'em to, why I leave 'em alone. But if they don't, I've got to do it. Men who come here must learn one thing—this show is being run by women."

No man who has been there could fail



o learn that and he would learn, more

over, that it was being very well run by

A DISAPPEARING RACE.

Esquimaux in All Parts of the Arctle Are Diminishing in Number.

piano has a bust of Beethoven on one end and Mozart at the other. This effect is not disturbed by the fact that the women are all in peasant costume and that upright pianos do not adorn the homes of most of the peasants in Germany. Another incon-sistency was noted in the presence in the Just before Mr. Peary started on his journey homeward, a few weeks ago, some of the Esquimaux of the Smith Sound region came to him and begged to be taken south. The mysterious epidemic which raged among them last spring filled them with fear that if they remained in the north solated any longer from all other human beings, they would perish, leaving no traces except the ruins of their rule homes

When Mr. Peary went among them welve years ago, they numbered nearly three hundred souls. In 1897 he found that he number of the natives had been reduced to 234. It is probable that these nost northern inhabitants of the world ow scarcely exceed 200. The very hard conditions of their lives, the bronchial and rheumatic ailments that frequently afflict them and the epidemics which come all too often, are causing the death to exseed the birth rate; and yet the last twelve years of their lives have been the most prosperous they have ever seen. Peary has killed a great deal of food for them, ne has given them implements and utensils which have lightened their labor to a considerable degree and has helped them in many ways. It is doubtful if they ever will see among them again so good and true a friend.

The decimation of the Alaskan Esquimaux in the past half century has been frightful. When explorers first went among them it was estimated that they numbered not less than 2,000 or 3,000 souls. It is now believed that from Point Barrow to the Aleutian Islands not more than 500 Esquimaux could be found if an accurate census were taken. For the past half century the destruction of sea life by whaers along these Alaskan coasts has greatly depleted the food resources and increased the hardships of these hapless natives. It is possible that the efforts the Government and the American Board of Missions is now taking to improve their well being will reduce the frightful rate of mortality that has long prevailed among them. Missionaries and teachers have begun to settle in their small centres of population. Last summer a school was established among gienic condition and the Government is placing reindeer within their reach in the

summer a school was established among the Esquimaux at Cape Prince of Wales, efforts will be made to improve their hygienic condition and the Government is placing reindeer within their reach in the expectation that this new resource will prove of lasting benefit to them.

All through the enormous waste of Arctio islands north of our continent explorers have found along the winding shores the ruins of hundreds of Esquimaux habitations. These numerous traces show that once, perhaps many generations ago, probably thousands of Esquimaux hunted the have found along the winding shores the ruins of hundreds of Esquimaux habitaonce, perhaps many generations ago, probably thousands of Esquimaux hunted the seal, walrus and polar bear among the channels between the islands. This region appeared to the first white visitors to be all the more desolate because such numerous traces of human occupancy were found but no men and women. Every token of the existence of human beings there had fallen into ruin. A few hundred of these desired by the old salts along South street. Now the shipbuilding industry is only a memory in Duxbury. The harbor has grown so shoal that at low tide it runs out dry. Many of the workmen have gone to East Boston to live, and to-day a Duxbury must go to the eastward of Cape Ann denizens of the Arctic archipelago still live among the eastern islands, but they appear to be rapidly dying out. When Dr. Franz Boas was in Baffin Land, second in size only to Greenland, he estimated the total population at 130 souls.

The natives of southwest Greenland, builders are fast fading from memory, appear to be rapidly dying out. When Dr.

The natives of southwest Greenland. nearly 10,000 in number, are scarcely holding their own, though the Danes are promoting their welfare in a way to meet the commendation of the whole civilized world. Every precaution is taken to prevent the inroduction of disease by the casual visits of whalers and other seafarers, their habitations have been improved and they are the most prosperous and comfortable of all the Esquimau groups. There is scarcely a pure blood among them, for, in the century and a half during which they have been under the government and influence of the whites, they have acquired a large admixture of European blood. It remains to be seen whether they will continue to hold their own in the battle for life, which at best is very severe throughout the Arctic regions.

The Labrador natives are decreasing and now number only about 1,500 souls. Twenty years ago the population of all the Esquimau groups was estimated at over 30,000; it is not believed to-day that they exceed 17,000 in number. Undoubtedly the poor hygienic conditions of their lives tend to diminish the population. Their huts have no provision for ventilation; but their hygienic conditions are less unfavor-able than they would be in more southern latitudes. It is generally believed among Arctic authorities that the pure bloods are quite certain to become extinct, though it is likely that the mixed bloods, as they inprove in knowledge and civilization, may be able to exist and perhaps to increase in

FROM OLD DUXBURY.

and the property of the second

Capt. Winsor Recalls the Days When the Town's Clippers Were in Their Glory. There came into THE SUN office the other

day a man who, though far from being old, has yet lived long enough to see for himself the glory and decline of one of the industries that used to be distinctively and proudly American.

He was Capt. Henry Otis Winsor, the last but one of the famous Duxbury skippers, who in their Duxbury built clippers sailed the seas of all the world and carried the Stars and Stripes into almost every known port on the globe.

Capt. Winsor's giant frame shows sign of the many struggles with wind and weather it has endured. His hair and beard are as white as the spray that has so often blown across his decks, but he is a better man yet than half the fellows

who go to sea nowadays.

One by one the places along the North Atlantic coast where such men as he were bred, and whence came the race of sailors whose early achievements furnish the records of much that is gallant in sailorship, have been transformed into quiet seaside towns where now the principal atttraction as well as business is found in the rush of visitors who spend there the months of summer that would be too hot or too dull in their own homes. The stranger in Duxbury nowadays would have hard work to find anything left of the business that once made it one of the busiest of the New England coast towns.

There is nothing in the fine summer cottages that now line the shore about the village to recall the days when more than a hundred Duxbury men were in command of ships built in their own town and scores of other vessels from the same shipyards were sailing the seven seas.

Capt. Winsor came of a seafaring race In a list of the Duxbury skippers which was published some time ago there are fourteen of the name of Winsor.

The Duxbury men were descended straight from the Plymouth Pilgrims and one reads in this list of Bradfords, Winsors, Drews and Spragues such given names as Gameliel, Gershom, Elijah, Hosea, Phineas Isaec, Joshua, Jedediah, Reuben, Zadoc, Gaius and Simeon. Duxbury had hardly been settled long

enough to have an existence of its own sepurate from the original Plymouth Colony when its citizens began to turn to the sea for livelihood. It was in 1720 that the first vessel was built there. Then Thomas Prince established a little

Then Thomas Prince established a little shipyard at the foot of Captain's Hill where there was built a little sloop constructed mostly of wild cherry. The next twenty-five years saw several yards established and all of them prospered. Steadily the business grew, and as the ships were completed and sent out on their

work, men from Duxbury went with them to man and to command.

From morning to night the streets of the

From morning to night the streets of the little village, which never in it days of greatest expansion numbered more than 3,400 inhabitants, rang with the noise of mallet and hammer. In those days a day's labor began with the sunrise and ended with the advent of darkness.

All around the little bay and up the Bluefish River, even above the dam that formed the mill pood, there were shipyards, where the mill pond, there were shipyards, where all manner of sailing craft from little sloops to the great clippers that helped to make American shipping famous had their

There were rope walks in the village where the rigging was made and Manila hemp was spun into the lines and hawsers that helped the ships that carried them to bring back more hemp from Manila. Then Duxbury was busy all day and every

day, man and boy.

For more than a hundred years this industry thrived in the little Massachusetts village. In the yards along the Nook so many ships were built and of such dimen sions that that part of the town shore came

be known as the navy yard. There at one time a man driving through Boston counted eighteen vessels course of construction all at once. Every launching brought a holiday to the school-

children and it was a great event. The yards above the dam on the Bluefish River had so little water and so little room that sometimes there came near being a catastrophe at a launching and almost always the vessel would gain such headway in sliding down the greased ways that she would go clear across the river and into the salt meadow on the other side. There can still be seen the place where the bow of one of them rammed some twenty or

thirty feet into the opposite bank, now rapidly filling up with heavy sedge. The period of schooling for most of the y boys was not so long then as it Very early they left the little schoo Duxbury is now. Very early they left the little school house for the shipyards or, not infrequently to go to sea, and strange as it may seem most of the Duxbury sailors did not have o run away from home to follow out their ambition.

The village schoolhouse was near one

of the biggest of the shipyards and every morning at 11 o'clock and again in the afternoon at 4, just as school was dismissed for the day, the children heard the merry call of "Grog-O!" upon which the carpenters and others at work on the vessels stopped their toil and adjourned to the work house

man must go to the eastward of Cape Ann to have a twenty-ton fishing schooner

and in the places where once hammer and mallet rang all day now not a chip or spar, not a timber or a plank remains and only a smiling greensward stretches in front of the homes of the summer residents, or backs away, furnishing grazing for the cattle of the villagers

Terrorized by an Enormous Rattlesnake From the Florida Times-Union and Cilizen

TAMPA, Oct. 2 - A huge rattlesnake is roaming at large on the outskirts of the city near Hyde Park, and as a result, the constant fear.
While the colored workmen engaged on

the boulevard which is being constructed by Cushing & Weir for the county, were at work grading the roadbed and hauling off the sand, they were confronted with a rattlesnake which came out of the thicket. The reptile was nine feet in length at least, and had a full-grown rabbit in its mouth. The negroes claim that the rattler was as big around as a stove pipe. For an instant it raised its head in the air and looked at it raised its head in the air and looked at them; then it dropped the rabbit in the road and made a straight start for the terrified negroes. Its rattles sounded like the beating of a snare drum, making a hideous noise. The entire crowd of workmen, instead of turning upon the snake and despatching it took flight down the road, and had a footrace which will not soon be seen again. The horses also saw the snake and stampeded, and pandemonium reigned.

Half an hour later the negroes returned to the place and found that the rattler had recovered the rabbit and was out of sight. A party with guns searched for the snake, but he could not be found.

THE STORY OF FAN-FAN THE FAIRY.

Elim Ghee, the Robber, the Easy. Going King and the Farmers Who Were Men of Peace.

There had been robbers in the King's land since any one could remember, and now and then one was caught and punished, the same as in other lands. It was not until a robber named Elim Ghee came into the country from the desert that the people became alarmed and cried out for protection.

Elim Ghee was not only a giant, but as flerce and savage by nature as a wild beast He gathered about him a score of desperate characters and began to steal, rob and kill, and in a little time the peasants became so fearful of this band that they dared no longer to walk the highways.

If the robbers found no one on the highways they visited the farms and villages. and whoever resisted them was certain to be killed.

The King was good-natured and easygoing, and for a long time he paid little attention to the complaints of the people By and by, however, he was forced to send

out his soldiers against the robbers. He gave orders that 100 men should hunt them down and hang their bodies to limbs of trees as a warning.

The soldiers started out bravely enough and they made many boasts of what they would do, but Elim Ghee had now over fifty men in his band, and when the soldiers were marching through a defile in the mountains he attacked them and won a victory. Not one-half the King's men returned home alive.

The King now became as stern as he had been good-natured before. He sent out 300 soldiers, but while this force was not defeated like the others, the soldiers

could not find the robbers. Elim Ghee took his men up into the mountains, where they hid themselves away in

caves, and not one of them was taken.
On the other side of the mountain was a valley in which dwelt nearly 3,000 people.
Most of them were farmers, and all were

Most of them were farmers, and all were men of peace.

These people had in no way wronged Elim Ghee or helped to pursue him, but he determined to revenge himself upon the King by laying the valley waste. He got enough more men to join him to make his number an even hundred, and one day they climbed the mountain range before them and descended on the other side.

The people had no warning that the robbers were coming, but went to their bedand slept as soundly as usual. Elim Ghee

The people had no warning that the rob-bers were coming, but went to their beda and slept as soundly as usual. Elim Ghee did not attack them that night, but made ready to begin his work as soon as the sun should come up the next morning. In the valley were hundreds and hun-dreds of cattle which were running wild. They belonged to no one, but when a man wanted fresh meat he was at liberty to kill ox or calf.

wanted fresh meat he was at liberty to kind ox or calf.

To reach the valley, Elim Ghee and his men had to march along a narrow gap in the hills, and the sun hardly was up before the robbers began to move. Their orders were to kill and spare no one.

With the chief at their head, they were marching along when Fan-Fan the Fairy suddenly stepped out from behind a rock and held up her hand and said:

"Elim Ghee, I am here to warn you to

and held up her hand and said:

"Elim Ghee, I am here to warn you to turn back before it is too late. If you do not, none of you will live to pass back over the mountain."

"Oh, ho! What have we here!" laughed the robber chief. "It is a little girl, to be sure, and she is handsome, too, What do you here, child?"

"I am Fan-Fan the Fairy," she replied. "and I am here to save the people of the valley."

valley."
"So-ho! You are the first fairy I have

"So-ho! You are the first fairy I have ever seen and I believe I will salt and pepper and eat you for luck!

"That I will now. They shall be killed to the last one, to teach the King that Elim Ghee is as great a man as he is. Come here, little one, and I will make but a mouthful of you."

A dozen robbers sprang forward to seize the fairy, but she seemed to vanish in the tr. There was much laughter and jok-

ing as the band moved on, but not for long.

Those in front suddenly heard a rushing sound in the distance and they paused in wonder. Then there came a clashing and clattering and bellowing and a dozen

and cattering and bellowing and a dozen men cried out in chorus:

"Flee for your lives! A drove of wild cattle has been let loose upon us!"

It was even so. The cattle numbered more than a thousand and they dashed down the narrow way at full speed, with heir heads held low.

Some of the robbers tried to climb up the steep banks, only to fall back, while others turned and ran, only to be swiftly overtaken and tossed about on the sharp overtaken and tossed about on the sharp horns and then ground under the hard hoofs. Of the hundred not one escaped. The people of the valley knew nothing until the rush of the cattle alarmed them.

then they sent out men to see what happened. These soon returned with had happened the news, and then there was laughing. singing and dancing, and men shook hands and tossed their children in the air and

cried out:
"Saved! Saved! It must have been that some good fairy protected us while

THE WEIGHT OF INNOCENCE. After an Ignorant Negro's Unsupported Plea the Jury Wouldn't Convict. From the St. Louis Republic.

MACON, Mo., Oct. 1.—Ben Boyd, a tall negro miner from the Indian Territory, was before the Circuit Court yesterday on charge of attempting to murder his comrade. William Turner. Both worked in the Central Coal and Coke Company's collieries at Ardmore. Boyd was without money and friends. The court appointed a lawyer to defend him, as he insisted he was not guilty.

After conferring with the defendant and

several negro miners, the prisoner's counse came back in the courtroom and said: "Your honor, I don't care about defending this man; he says he's innocent, but he hasn't

got any witnesses, and all the negroes down there tell me it was a most unprovoked case of attempted murder. I have suggested that he plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the Court, but he won't do it The Court told Boyd that was the be thing for him to do, as the jury might give him ten years.

I wants a trial, I does," said Boyd. "But you haven't got any witnesses." re-marked his attorney.
"Don't make any difference; wants to tell

my story. Witness after witness was introduced by the State yesterday afternoon, and every one made the case black against the pris-oner. They said he had got mad at Turner for nothing and hit him a crushing blow with a pick on the head when Turner's back was turned and while he was moving away It was late at night when the prisoner's time

It was late at night when the prisoner's time came to tell his story. He got up from the chair and gave a dramatic illustration of his fight with the prosecuting witness.

"Gem'imens of de pury, ac said, "I wouldn't a hit dat man if he let me alone, but he got at me with his eyes sparking like a snake, and cause I didn't say please, and he come at me with his eyes sparking like a snake, and callin' me all dem names 'f done tokyou about. He tole me he was goin' fer kill me and grabbed fer dat pick, but I berklim to it and tapped him on de side of dahead and he fell like a sick hoss. I could killed him if I wanted to when he kay detable here agin me has got it in fer me and wato sen' me up. da made it all 'mong themselves. Dat man would a killed ne ef I hadre inti 'im, and dat's all dere is to it.

During his speech the negro waved his hands like an orator and became so carnest that he cried. It was practically all the defence made. The jury wrestled with the problem last night and all forenoon to-bay and finally reported they could not agree.

Then the negro offered to plead guilty to common assault and take twenty days in jail. It was a striking vindication of an untuored man's self-consciousness of inno-cence.



There are curious varieties of costumes to be seen down in the Streets of Venice that would not be talested by the talested by

"France,"

red satin breeches. Out of a crowd of men and women struggling through the This lady has a Watteau gown just as

in the cellar. One remembers the various our. French and German in name with greater distinctness when one of the young Venetians, as they are supposed to be, at a table for refreshment with a trio of young men seated about her. They are all of the French ball age, too, and the have the rapt, engrossed expression that ; the other side of the garden. is possible only at a French bail when there

are three men to one girl. Sometimes the Venetians amuse themselves and the public in other ways. Last corridor with apparently nothing to do. She didn't even want to sell her button-hole bouquets. She elbowed her way through one crowd after another in front the booths.

One of the women's bands tucked away in various parts of the building suddenly began to play a bolero. There was a vacant place in front of the handful of women musicians, who sawed away mechanically at their instruments; the dance was en-livening enough, and the wandering Venetian stopped in front of the band, one hand into the air and, snapping her fingers, began to dance.

her fingers, began to dance.

The crowd gathered around her and for ten minutes she pirouetted and revolved until even the tired women, who had been playing since 2 o'clock, put life and accent into the music that nobody would have thought them capable of.

These are some of the ways of the ladies deeper in the Street of Versice. win in the Streets of Venice. But there are older and more serious But there are older and more serious crowd and the money and wonders why ladies there just as there are upstairs on none of it comes to her. In vain the

no mistaking her type close at hand. She is all there is of most New York and all her associates are equally of New York Watteau gowns and high-heeled slippers, with a whitewig or two added as corroborative detail do not disguise the unmistakable attributes of these young women.

popular with syncopated composers.

All the ethnogical representatives seen

and the ethnogical representatives seem happy except the older woman of the two in the Chinese booth. She is the rarest of her kind there for she is a genuine Chinese, and few of the women of that nation are in this country. The spectators look at her with interest and pass on to the next compared to the country of the happens to the partment which happens to belong to the negro women. They are grouped there in various shades of color, but all with the same inborn genius for ragtime. And as they continue to indulge that profitably and enjoyably, there is a solid mass in front of their booth all the time. Even the venerable mammy moves sympathetically as a bronze-voiced girl sings of "Mandy" and other heroines of the verse so formances must amount to a comfortable sum by the end of the evening. The Chinese lady on the left sees the crowd and the maney and

THE REIGN OF KING CARNIVAL. toes as a parrot does, "and when I feenesh Then she emits a few cacaphonous ejacu-



A NEW USE FOR WOMEN'S CLUBS.

speak.
"Miss Morton will talk about women playwrights, Mrs. Ayer will tell how every-body may be as beautiful as the women

her authority now with two real cops instead of one. Men walk up to her in the hope of getting run in and she recognizes and knows how to treat that kind. For Miss Lyons has a sense of humor and she never uses her club except to poke a man between